

Anne Bailey's Ride—A Legend of the Kanawha

By CHARLES ROBB, U. S. A.

The army lay at Gauley Bridge,
At Mountain Cove and Sewell Ridge;
Our tents were pitched on hill and dell
From Charleston Heights to Cross Lane Fell;
Our camp-fires blazed on every route,
From Red House point to Camp Lookout;
On every rock our sentinels stood,
Our scouts held posts in every wood
And every path was stained with blood
From Scary Creek to Gauley Flood.

'Twas on a bleak autumnal day,
When not a single sunbeam's ray
Could struggle through the dripping skies
To cheer our melancholy eyes,
Whilst heavy clouds like funeral palls,
Hung o'er Kanawha's foaming falls,
And shrouded all the mountains green
With dark foreboding's misty screen.

All through the weary livelong day
Our troops had marched the mountain way;
And in the gloomy eventide
Had perched their tents by the river side;
And as the darkness settled o'er
The hill and vale and river shore,
We gathered 'round the camp-fire bright
That threw its glare on the misty night.

And each some tale or legend told
To while away the rain and cold,
One spoke of suffering and of wrong.
Another sang a mountain song!
One spoke of home and happy years,
Till down his swarthy cheeks the tears
Slow dripping, glistened in the light
That glared upon the misty night.

One a tale of horror told
That made your very blood run cold;
While others sat in silence deep,
Too sad for mirth, yet scorned to weep.
Then spoke a hardy mountaineer,
(His beard was long, his eye was clear,
And clear his voice of metal tone,
Just such as all would wish to own).

I've heard a legend old, he said,
Of one who used these paths to tread,
Long years ago when fearful strife
Sad havoc made of human life;
A deed of daring brave'y done,
A feat of honor nobly won;
And what in story's most uncommon
An army saved by gentle woman.

The settlers, pale faced, all had fled
 Or murdered were in lonely bed!
 Whilst hut and cabin, blazing high,
 With crimson decked the mid-night sky.
 And day by day the siege went on,
 Till three weary weeks were gone.
 The word was whispered soft and slow,
 The "magazine was getting low."
 They loaded their rifles one by one,
 And then—"the powder was all gone!"

They stood like men in calm despair,
 No friendly aid could reach them there;
 One forlorn hope yet still remained
 And distant aid might yet be gained,
 If trusty messenger should go,
 Through forest wild and savage foe,
 And safely there should bear report
 And succor bring from distant fort?

And who should go—the venture dare?
 The woodsman quailed in mute despair,
 But one who stood amid the rest,
 The bravest, fairest, and the best
 Of all that graced the cabin hall,
 First broke the spell of terror's thrall.
 The sacrifice her soul would make
 Her friends to save from brand and stake.

A noble charger standing nigh,
 Of spirit fine and mettle high,
 Was saddled well, and girded strong
 With cord and loop, and leathern thong.
 Her pathway up the valley led,
 Like frightened deer the charger fled,
 Still on and on through pathless wood,
 And swim the Gauley's swollen flood.

Still onward held their weary flight
 Beyond the Hawk's-nest dizzy height:
 And bravely rode the woman there,
 Where few would venture, few would dare.
 Far in the distance, dim and blue,
 The friendly fort arose in view.
 The succor then so nobly sought,
 To Charleston Fort was timely brought.
 Whilst Justice on the scroll of fame,
 In letters bold, inscribed her name.

(A Fragment from the History of Anne Bailey
 by Hon. Virgil A. Lewis.)

Gauley Bridge, Virginia, Nov. 7, 1861.



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Association of University Women. — Glenn A. Witherspoon, Jr.

AUNT SALLY LOWERY, said to be a witch in Wyoming County, had no home of her own, but traveled from house to house expecting to be fed. On one occasion, according to Virgil A. Cook, she visited the house of his grandmother, Mrs. Julia Ann Laxton. She complained that the coffee which she had been served was weak and was told, "anyone who goes from house to house; like you do, should be satisfied with what they get." This so riled Aunt Sally that she walked out of the house. As she passed the family cow she waved her cane over its head and tapped her on the horns. The poor animal immediately dropped lifeless to the ground.

BAILEY, Anne (1742-1825) was born in Liverpool, England, about 1742. There is no certainty about the identity of her mother. Her father was an English soldier by the name of Hennis, who fought at the battle of Blenheim under the banner of Queen Anne for whom he expressed his devotion in the name of his heroic daughter.

Apparently Anne was the only member of the family who found her way to the New World. How Anne made the transfer from the old world to the new is not clearly known. A new world is always appealing to the adventurous. The girl of dreams and action determined that she would reach a family of friends or distant relatives who lived in the Staunton, Virginia, neighborhood. By some means she secured passage on a Virginia bound vessel and after the usual tedious ocean journey of those days she reached the Virginia shores. The final lap of her journey is not described in



ANNE BAILEY

A sketch from an artist's portrait, one of the most familiar of the likenesses of the Border heroine.

the fragmentary records that exist, but she probably walked a good part of the route from the coast to the inland settlement at Staunton. In her new conditions she found a challenge, and to that challenge she reacted in such a way as to develop the powers of her latent personality. There were neither libraries nor drawing rooms in the new country, but there was an unspoiled creating and a nascent civilization, both of which offered obstacles and opportunities. She ignored the obstacles and accepted the opportunities as far as she could understand them. She developed a character that was crude but capable. She was ready to undertake the best life circumstances permitted.

Not long after taking up her residence with the Bells in the new Virginia she came in contact with a rugged young frontiersman by the name of Richard Trotter, who had just returned from

CAST OF *THE WHITE SQUAW*

The cast of Richard Scott Russell and Jack Zierold's West Virginia folk musical, *The White Squaw*, based on the life of Anne Bailey, included Paul Clark as John Bailey, Anne's second husband; Karen Bowen as Anne herself; Jim Stone as Richard Trotter, Anne's first husband; and Susan Morton (in back) as Ida Man, Anne's friend and companion.

Braddock's ill-fated expedition against the French. A courtship followed and a little later there was a "backwoods" wedding. This union of two aggressive lives continued from 1765 till terminated by death on October 10, 1774, when the husband fell a victim of an Indian bullet in the bloody battle of Point Pleasant. The fall of her husband fired the fighting blood in her veins, and she resolved to fill the place made vacant by his death as far as possible. Lodging her seven year old son with a neighbor, Mrs. Moses Mann, she took up the

duties of a scout and extended her service among the rangers all the way from the Potomac on the north to Roanoke on the south. Then, in 1778, Fort Savannah, situated where Lewisburg now stands, was built as a western outpost. She became a messenger between the upper Shenandoah settlements and Fort Savannah. Finally she extended her expeditions to Fort Randolph, at Point Pleasant, the scene of her husband's last fight.

In her scout duty she became acquainted with John Bailey, a ranger, who wooed and won her.



A SCENE FROM *THE WHITE SQUAW*

A scene from the folk musical which told the story of Anne Bailey's life as given on the stage of the Abbott Theatre in Huntington.

They were married at Lewisburg, November 3, 1785, by the Rev. John McCue.

After their marriage, Bailey and his bride traveled west and joined the colony at Fort Clendenin, located on the present site of Charleston. At that time there were no settlers between Point Pleasant and Charleston, and few, if any, between Charleston and Lewisburg. During the year 1791, the scouts discovered signs of a general Indian attack on the Kanawha settlements. How serious the threat was may be reckoned from the letters of Thomas Lewis, commander of Fort Randolph, Col. George Clendenin, and Daniel Boone, lieutenant-colonel of Kanawha County, begging for assistance. Finally lurking Indians were discovered among the hills about Fort Clendenin, evidently planning a siege.

An inspection revealed the intelligence that the fort could not muster enough powder to withstand a siege. Colonel

Clendenin proclaimed the gravity of the situation and asked for volunteers to make the trip to Fort Savannah, their source of supplies, a hundred miles distant. The men of the garrison hesitated but Anne Bailey stepped forward and offered her services. She was provided with the best riding horse in the stockade and promptly set out on her perilous journey. Riding all day and through the night she reached her destination in record time. Her stay was short. She was given an extra horse with a supply of powder and started on her return trip which was equally successful. Her signal achievement thrilled the men of the garrison who went forth the next day after her return, and drove the Indians out of the community. In appreciation of her gallant services at a critical time, she was given the horse on which she made the trip. She was proud of her gift and fondly kept and cared for the animal for many years. In loving memory of her old world

birthplace, she named her horse "Liverpool."

Anne Bailey maintained her residence in the Kanawha Valley some twenty-seven years, then at the earnest solicitation of her son who had moved to Ohio, she took up her residence in that state where she died in the year 1825. She was buried in what is known as the Trotter graveyard near Gallipolis. In later years the remains were re-buried in Point Pleasant. See "White Squaw," in *West Virginia Songbag*.

BALDWIN, Ann E., widow of Rev. Charles R. Baldwin, was one of the leaders in organizing the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Church. At the General Conference of the Church in 1848 in Pittsburgh, the question of creating a West Virginia conference was hotly debated. Mrs. Baldwin, who was in favor of the move, persuaded Henry Logan, of Parkersburg, a man of weight and influence in the church, to accompany her to the Conference. Mrs. Baldwin was a fluent speaker, and she did most of the arguing in favor of the new Conference, with Mr. Logan's prestige behind her to add force to her words. They were successful and on July 4, 1848, the West Virginia Conference was inaugurated, although Wheeling District was left in the Pittsburgh Conference for a time. Mrs. Baldwin is sometimes referred to as "Mother Baldwin," because she was the "mother" of the West Virginia Conference.

BARTLETT, Anna Latham, a world-famous, prize-winning sculptress, was born in Grafton, the daughter of General George Robert Latham, one of the founders of West Virginia and a U.S. Congressman.

She began sculpting at the age of 57, after her only son, Frank, was killed in a World War I battle

in France. She entered the Maryland Institute of Art in Baltimore and began her artistic career. For materials Mrs. Bartlett used clay which she dug from a ditch near her home. Many of her subjects were famous West Virginians, or caricatures of "typical" West Virginia people: The Mountain Madonna, The Moonshiner, The Woman at the Churn, etc.

In his book *Handicraft of the Southern Mountains*, Allen Eaton wrote of her: "A unique and individual product . . . often the appearance of majolica . . . completely original . . . reminds one sometimes of the craftsmanship of the Swiss and Germans a century ago."

She won a gold medal from the Maryland Institute of Art, First Prize at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Pittsburgh, where her ranking made West Virginia second among the 48 states; gave exhibitions at White Sulphur Springs and at the New York World's Fair in 1939.

Mrs. Bartlett died in 1948 in Buckhannon, where she had lived much of her life. Her figurines have become collectors' items and are sought everywhere, (picture on next page.)

BATEMAN, Mildred M., Director of the West Virginia Department of Mental Health, was born in Georgia.

She received her undergraduate degree from Johnson C. Smith University in Charlotte, North Carolina, and her M.D. in 1946 from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. In 1955 she completed a three-year psychiatric residency and fellowship at the Menninger School of Psychiatry at Topeka, Kansas. She received a Distinguished Alumna Award from the Menninger School



ANNE BAILEY

A sketch from an artist's portrait, one of the most familiar of the likenesses of the Border heroine.

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ANNE BAILEY'S RIDE.

Of all the celebrated characters of Pioneer Times, there were none more remarkable than Anne Bailey, the Pioneer Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley. Her maiden name was Hennis and she was born in Liverpool, England, in the year 1742. When she was in her nineteenth year, her parents both having died, she crossed the ocean to find relatives of the name of Bell, then (1761) residing near Staunton, Virginia. Here soon after (1765) she wedded Richard Trotter, a distinguished frontiersman and a survivor of Braddock's Defeat.

A cabin was reared near where Swope's Depot on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway now stands, and there in 1767 a son, William, was born. The year 1774, brought with it Dunmore's War and Richard Trotter enlisted in General Lewis' army and at the battle of Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774, yielded up his life in an attempt to plant civilization on the banks of the Ohio.

From the moment the widow heard of her husband's death, a strange, wild fancy seemed to possess her, and she resolved to avenge his death. Leaving her little son to the care of a neighbor, Mrs. Moses Mann, she at once entered upon a career which has no parallel in Virginia annals. Clad in the costume of the border, she hastened away to the recruiting stations, where she urged enlistments with all the earnestness which her zeal and heroism inspired. Then she became a nurse, a messenger, a scout, and for eleven years she fearlessly dashed along the whole western border, going wherever her services required, and thus the wilderness road from Staunton to Point Pleasant was all familiar to her.

November 3, 1785, at Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county; she was married a second time, her husband being John Bailey, a distinguished frontiersman from the Roanoke river. Fort Lee, was erected by the Clendenins on the present site of the city of Charleston in 1788-9, and to it John Bailey and his heroic bride at once removed.

In 1791 the fort was besieged by a large body of Indians, and to the terror of the garrison, it was found that the supply of powder in the magazine was almost exhausted. A hundred miles of wilderness lay between Fort Lee and Lewisburg, the only place from which a supply of powder could come. Colonel George Clendenin, the commandant at Fort Lee, asked for volunteers to go to Lewisburg, but not a soldier in that garrison would brave the task. Then was heard in a female voice the words "I WILL GO," and every inmate of the fort recognized the voice of Anne Bailey.

The fleetest horse in the stockade was brought out and the daring rider mounted and disappeared in the forest. Onward she sped. Darkness and day were one to her. It was a ride for life and there could be no stop.

with two horses laden with powder. The garrison in Fort Lee welcomed her return, and she entered it, as she had left it, under a shower of balls. The men thus supplied, sallied forth and forced the savages to raise the siege.

That ride has been commemorated in song as well as story. Charles Robb, of the United States Army, was at Gauley Bridge, in 1861, and having learned the story from the mountaineers, wrote the following, which at the time, appeared in the *Clermont, (Ohio) Courier*:

ANNE BAILEY'S RIDE—A LEGEND OF THE KANAWHA.

BY CHARLES ROBB, U. S. A.

The Army lay at Gauley Bridge,
At Mountain Cove and Sewell Ridge;
Our tents were pitched on hill and dell
From Charleston Height to Cross Lane fell;
Our camp-fires blazed on every route
From Red House point to Camp Lookout;
On every rock our sentries stood,
Our scouts held post in every wood,
And every path was stained with blood,
From Scary creek to Gauley flood.

'Twas on a bleak autumnal day,
When not a single sunbeam's ray
Could struggle through the dripping skies
To cheer our melancholy eyes—
Whilst heavy clouds, like funeral palls,
Hung o'er Kanawha's foaming falls,
And shrouded all the mountain green
With dark, foreboding, misty screen.

All through the weary livelong day
Our troops had marched the mountain way;
And in the gloomy eventide
Had pitched their tents by the river's side;
And as the darkness settled o'er
The hill and vale and river shore,
We gathered around the camp-fire bright,
That threw its glare on the misty night;
And each some tale or legend told
To while away the rain and cold.
Thus, one a tale of horror told
That made the very blood run cold;
One spoke of suffering and of wrong;
Another sang a mountain song.

One spoke of home and happy years,
Till down his swarthy cheek the tears
Slow dripping, glistened in the light
That glared upon misty night;
While others sat in silence deep,
Too sad for mirth, yet scorned to weep.

Then spake a hardy mountaineer—
(His beard was long, his eye was clear;
And clear his voice, of metal tone,
Just such as all would wish to own)—

“I’ve heard a legend old,” he said,
“Of one who used these paths to tread
Long years ago, when fearful strife
Sad havoc made of human life;
A deed of daring bravely done,
A feat of honor nobly won;
And what in story’s most uncommon,
An army saved by gentle woman.

“’Twas in that dark and bloody time*
When savage craft and tory crime
From Northern lake to Southern flood
Had drenched the western world with blood.
And in this wild, romantic glen
Encamped a host of savage men,
Whose mad’ning war-whoop, loud and high,
Was answered by the panther’s cry.
“The pale-faced settlers all had fled,
Or murdered were in lonely bed;
Whilst hut and cabin blazing high,
With crimson decked the midnight sky.

“I said the settlers all had fled—
Their pathway down the valley led
To where the Elk’s bright crystal waves
On dark Kanawha’s bosom laves,
There safety sought and respite brief,
And in Fort Charleston found relief;
Awhile they bravely met their woes,
And kept at bay their savage foes.

“Thus days and weeks the warfare waged,
In fern still the

The word was whispered sore and slow,
The magazine was getting low.
They loaded their rifles one by one,
And then—the powder was all gone!
They stood like men in calm despair,
No friendly aid could reach them there,
Their doom was sealed, the scalping knife
And burning stake must end the strife.
One forlorn hope alone remained,
That distant aid might yet be gained
If trusty messenger should go
Through forest wild, and savage foe,
And safely there should bear report,
And succor bring from distant fort.
But who should go—the venture dare?
The woodsmen quailed in mute despair,
In vain the call to volunteer;
The bravest blanched with silent fear.
Each gloomy brow with labored breath,
Proclaimed the venture worse than death.
Not long the fatal fact was kept;
But through the Fort the secret crept
Until it reached the ladies' hall,
There like a thunderbolt to fall.
Each in terror stood amazed,
And silent on the other gazed;
No word escaped—there fell no tear—
But all was hushed in mortal fear;
All hope of life at once had fled,
And filled each soul with nameless dread.
But one* who stood amid the rest,

And half in hope and half in fear,
She whispered in her husband's ear,
The sacrifice her soul would make
Her friends to save from brand and stake.
A noble charger standing nigh,
Of spirit fine, and metal high,
Was saddled well, and girted strong,
With cord, and loop, and leathern thong,
For her was led in haste from stall,
Upon whose life depended all.
Her friends she gave a parting brief,
No time was there for idle grief;
Her husband's hand a moment wrung,
Then lightly to the saddle sprung;
And followed by the prayers and tears,
The kindling hopes, and boding fears
Of those who seemed the sport of fate,
She dashed beyond the op'ning gate;
Like birdling free, on pinion light,
Commenced her long and weary flight.

“The foemen saw the op'ning gate,
And thought with victory elate
To rush within the portal rude,
And in his dark and savage mood
To end the sanguinary strife
With tomahawk and scalping knife.
But lo! a lady! fair and bright,
And seated on a charger light,
Bold—and free—as one immortal—
Bounded o'er the op'ning portal.
Each savage paused in mute surprise,
And gazed with wonder-staring eyes,
‘A squaw! a squaw!’ the chieftain cries,
‘A squaw! a squaw!’ the host replies:
Then order gave to ‘cross the lawn
With lightning speed and catch the fawn.’

Along the rough, uneven way,
The pathway of the lady lay;
Whilst long and loud the savage yell
Re-echoed through the mountain fell.
She heeded not the dangers rife,
But rode as one who rides for life;
Still onward in her course she bore
Along the dark Kanawha's shore,
Through tangled wood and rocky way,
Nor paused to rest at close of day.
Like skimming cloud before the wind
Soon left the rabble far behind.
From bended tree above the road
The flying charger wildly trode,
Amid the evening's gath'ring gloom,
The panther's shriek, the voice of doom
In terror fell upon the ear,
And quickened every pulse with fear.
But e'en the subtle panther's bound,
To reach his aim too slow was found,
And headlong falling on the rock,
Lay crushed and mangled in the shock.
The prowling wolf then scents his prey,
And rushing on with angry bay,
With savage growl and quickening bound
He clears the rough and rugged ground;
And closing fast the lessening space
That all too soon must end the race,
With sharpened teeth that glittered white
As stars amid the gloomy night—
With foaming jaws had almost grasped
The lovely hand that firmly clasped,
And well had used the whip and rein,
But further effort now were vain;
Another bound—a moment more—
And then the struggle all were o'er.
'Twas in a steep and rocky gorge

That onward came, with fearful clang,
Whose echoes round the mountain rang;
The frightened wolf in wild surprise
A moment paused—with glaring eyes
In terror gazed upon the flame,
Then backward fled the way he came.
Each wondering savage saw with fear
The charger come like frightened deer;
With weary gait, and heavy tramp,
The foaming steed dashed through the camp .
And onward up the valley bear
His queenly rider, brave and fair.
Still on, and on, through pathless wood—
They swim the Gauley's swollen flood,
And climb Mount Tompkins' lofty brow,
More wild and rugged far than now,
Still onward held their weary flight
Beyond the Hawk's Nest's giddy Height;
And often chased through lonely glen
By savage beast or savage men—
Thus like some weary, hunted dove
The woman sped through 'mountain Cove,'
The torrent crossed without a bridge,
And the heights of Sewell Ridge,
And still the wild, beleaguered road
With heavy tramp the charger trode,
Nor paused amid his weary flight
Throughout the long and dreary night.
And bravely rode the woman there,
Where few would venture, few would dare
Amid the cheering light of day
To tread the wild beleaguered way;
And as the morning sun began to rise

"The succor thus so nobly sought,
To Charleston Fort was timely brought;
Whilst Justice, on the scroll of fame,
In letters bold, engraved her name."

Gauley Bridge, Va., Nov. 7, 1861.

THE ALAMO; OR THE THERMOPYLÆ OF AMERICA.

Alamo, the Spanish for "poplar" tree, was the name of a celebrated fort at San Antonio, Texas. A small body of Texans, mostly from the United States, here bravely, and we might say hopelessly, resisted a Mexican force of many times their number, from February 11th to March 5th, 1836. Their only choice was to die in arms or as prisoners. One finally surrendered and was murdered. A Mrs. Dickinson, her child and a negro woman were all that survived.

Among the dead were Cols. Wm. B. Travis, David Crockett, and Bowie. Travis was wounded on the wall, and killed the Mexican that killed him. Crockett's body was found surrounded by dead Mexicans. Bowie, who was sick, was murdered in bed.

In consequence of their heroic defense, Alamo is styled "The Thermopylæ of America." It was the war-cry of Gen. Sam Houston's men at San Jacinto, fought the month after the massacre at Alamo. When Santa Anna was brought a prisoner to Houston's headquarters, the Texas soldiers, burning with revenge for his atrocities at Alamo, clamored for his life. But on his promise to use his influence for the recognition of Texan independence, his parole was taken. However, the cry of "Remember the Alamo," in the charges made by Taylor and Scott's men, long afterwards grated on his ears till he perhaps wished there had never been an Alamo.

"REMEMBER THE ALAMO."

BY LARRY CHITTENDEN.

(From August No. of SOUTHERN LITERATURE.)

Fair Greece and Rome brave heroes knew,
But Texas has her heroes, too,
The men of Alamo!
That brave, courageous, noble band
Of Rangers in the Border Land

assumed airs of superiority. When persons called him Major, it seemed to displease him, and he would remonstrate: "Don't call me Major, I am nothing but Jake Warwick."

He was jovial in his disposition and extremely fond of innocent merriment. He delighted much in the society of young people, and even children. His pleasant words and kindly deeds to young people are vividly and affectionately remembered by all who ever knew him.

After the decease of his wife most of his time he passed at the home of Major Charles Cameron. He died at the breakfast table. When apoplexy came upon him he was merrily twitting Miss Phoebe Woods about her beau, young Mr. Beale. This occurred January, 1826, when he was nearing his eighty-third year. They

carried his venerable remains about a mile up the west bank of the Jackson's River, and in a spot reserved for family burial, he was buried. When the writer visited his grave several years since, the place seemed to be in danger of forgetfulness. A locust tree stood near it and marked the place. Since then it has been nicely and substantially enclosed, and the grave marked by a neatly sculptured marble. In that lonely, but beautiful, valley retreat, the strong, busy man has found repose, and there,

"Unheeded o'er his silent dust,
The storms of life may beat."

WM. T. PRICE.

Marlinton, West Va.,
July 28th, 1892.

HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.—No. III.

BY HENRY W. BIGLER.

At last Governor Ford sent General John J. Harding with 400 militia to Nauvoo, but instead of making any arrests and assisting the sheriff, he dismissed him and informed our people that nothing could be done to protect them, for the mob were determined to drive them from the State, and therefore they must go.

Our people appealed to almost every governor in the United States, and to the President, to use their influence to stop the mob and establish us in our civil and religious rights, but I have yet to learn that there was a single invitation given for "Mormons" to remain within the States.

The work on the temple continued and was so far completed that on Monday, 6th October, a general conference was held in it and continued for three days, when it was agreed that the Church should leave and go to a country where they could enjoy the fruits of their labors, and to leave as soon as possible. As soon as conference closed, the whole Church began to make preparations to leave the country, not knowing where they were going; neither did we care much, only that it might be where we could worship Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience without being mobbed for it, for I knew of no law the church had

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlin
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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1927

What was Glade Hill has troubled the thinkers of this county for many years. It is a ridge on the bottom of Galford's Creek near Dunmore in sight of the Sta-

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TRACTION



ANTHONY

THE WHITE MAN'S FRIEND

By Prof. Milton W. Humphreys
(From The Fayette Tribune)

The object of this paper is to record what is known about an Indian, called "Anthony" by the white people, who was friendly to the colonists during and after the Revolutionary War. His Indian name is not now known nor has tradition preserved the name of his tribe. It may be that during the war he belonged to an organization formed by the colonists to act as interpreter and to supply needful information concerning the Indians. It was in this way that he rendered very useful service, and such organizations existed.

To make this narrative intelligible is necessary to give the geography and briefly describe the topography of the region concerned; and as the facts have been handed down only by tradition, it is necessary also to give some account of those through whom the tradition was transmitted, in order that the reader may intelligently judge of the trustworthiness of the narrative.

The region concerned is situated in Anthonys Creek District of Greenbrier County in West Virginia. This district forms the northeastern portion of the county, and the locality of special interest is about twenty miles from Lewisburg by the old road either by way of the White Sulphur or by Frankford.

Anthonys creek is a stream that in some regions would be called a river, rises in the northeast corner of the county and flows through a valley in a southwesterly direction between the Allegheny Mountains on the southeast and a range of high hills or mountains on the northwest.

tile Indians, about ten or more on the hunt for Anthony, and ed him so closely that he took in a large mouthed cave, and watch all night. Anthony was with a double barreled sh which was given him by an F man he had befriended. H and tomahawk were all the had at that time. Early t morning he made a dash for and shot the sentry on wat fired at the others as he can This so frightened them th did not pursue him at once. point there are two mountai a large creek flowing between which was subsequently call thony's Creek. As he left th which was in one of the mo mentioned, he made a dash water, which was very deep point. His pursuers followed shot or two, but missed h stayed with his body under th until they quit shooting, and gun in the middle of the cree emerging from the water he the steep and rocky mountai was covered with a thick g weeds and vines. After goi a distance he cut his foot o rock, causing the blood to flo He then turned back till he place of concealment. In t time the alarm had been g the settlers collected and fol Indians a short distance. return they found Anthony, tired and hungry, and his bleeding profusely. After his gun, he went to Samu phreys' home and remain until his foot got well. He great grandfather to name and the creek "Anthony," promise of a present. So the them after him, and Anth them a present.

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Simply adding Linseed
Semi-Paste Paint.
Saves you Money.

Without repainting
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nists to act as interpreter and to supply needful information concerning the Indians. It was in this way that he rendered very useful service, and such organizations existed.

To make this narrative intelligible is necessary to give the geography and briefly describe the topography of the region concerned; and as the facts have been handed down only by tradition, it is necessary also to give some account of those through whom the tradition was transmitted, in order that the reader may intelligently judge of the trustworthiness of the narrative.

The region concerned is situated in Anthonys Creek District of Greenbrier County in West Virginia. This district forms the northeastern portion of the county, and the locality of special interest is about twenty miles from Lewisburg by the old road either by way of the White Sulphur or by Frankford.

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2. "Anthony was last on a log in a field on the

White Zinc Paint

ILLUSTRATION



Simply adding Linseed
Oil Semi-Paste Paint.
Saves you Money.

without repainting
giving more surface

North

the Latest signs

should be glad

NITE WORKS



Look for the Tuxedo
BULL'S EYE

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The tradition of the facts to be narrated came down through descendants of Samuel Humphreys, who was born April 15, 1741, in Londonderry, Ireland, and died July 22, 1821, on Anthony's Creek. He migrated to this country before the Revolutionary War, and married Grizzilla Donaldson through whom he became the father of several children of whom only the eldest, William, and the second, Robert, are mentioned in this narrative.

Robert, the second son of Samuel Humphreys married Jane Wylie and reared a large family. His second son Andrew Cayet, was born March 13, 1810, married Mary McQuain Hefner, who bore him eight sons and four daughters, all of whom except one daughter (fatally burned in her ninth year) grew up and reared large families. The eldest was Caroline Jane, born December 13, 1833, and the second was Samuel Alexander, born January 1, 1836, and lived till October 3, 1899.

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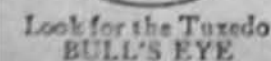
1. "Anthony's Cave" known by that name by credit because he escaped the hands of his people through use of that cave, the story which I shall relate later letter.

2. "Anthony was last seen on a log in a field on the north side of Jake Dysart (or Dysart) (in the angle between North Fork and the main creek below its confluence). He was recognized and not visit any white family. He died to be absorbed in his own mind from visiting the changed scene of his early life and adventures."

3 "On several occasions he saved the white people of the county from massacre and enabled them to regroup and assemble their strength thus to escape a dreadful fate. The descendants of those saved there owe their existence to the friendly intervention of Anthony."

4. "His people ultimately found out that it was through him that white people were warned, and he had to kill him. Anthony the vicinity of his white friends a bunch of savages followed him. He knew his haunts, went there, and use a hunter's expression 'he's somewhere about a mile from the Dysart home. They followed him to his traps, practically

ANITE WORKS



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From an examination of the above data it will be seen that there was ample opportunity for the transmission of interesting facts from Samuel Humphreys, the immigrant, to the members of the family of Dr. Andrew C. Humphreys and other descendants. Among the latter is Rev. Cavet Wylie Humphreys, D. D., now living at Bagdad, Florida, who is a son of Robert Wylie Humphreys, a younger brother of Dr. A. C. Humphreys, and is a little older than the writer. Also the mother of Dr. A. C. Humphreys, who was a mature woman when Samuel Humphreys died in 1821 lived till late in 1860.

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for the Tuxedo
BULL'S EYE

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In lieu of a compilation of the details that have come down, the written accounts furnished by Samuel A. Humphreys four years before his death, and by Rev Cayet W. Humphreys, will be copied here verbatim. These two resided with their fathers on farms adjacent to (really parts of) their grandfather and great grandfather.

Samuel A. Humphreys wrote as follows:

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As this last statement is based solely on conjecture, the discrepancies are no greater than could be expected between accounts written by members of different families. Moreover, both accounts are necessarily based on Anthony's own statements which were very liable to become distorted. The tradition that a

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Feeds:

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Tuxedo Poultry
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—and others

L. 779

ard and Animal Refuge

hunting or shooting on my
and on Stony Creek. This land
erved as a bird and animal
a perpetually.

Norman R. Price

Winter Apples

lot of sprayed, handpicked
r apples for sale.

Fred Gehauf

nton, W. Va.

NOTICE

's Studio will be closed from
ber 31st to November 10th.

SALE:—Two good stock cows,
8 years old; be fresh in spring.
Apply to R. W. Brock,
down, W. Va.

members of the family of Dr. An-
drew C. Humphreys and other de-
scendants. Among the latter is Rev
Cavet Wylie Humphreys, D. D., now
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Samuel A. Humphreys wrote as
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"I only know of one instance of
Anthony's friendship, at which time
he was considered a spy and an enemy
to his tribe. At that time he notified
our great grandfather, Samuel Hum-
phreys, that he was in danger of be-
ing visited by savages, as they believ-
ed he was harboring him (Anthony).
Grandfather, his wife, two small
children, and a bondman, fled that
night to a fort 42 miles away. His
wife carried the two babies, one two
years old, and one ten months old,
the entire distance. The two men
carried an axe, two rifles, cooking
utensils, blankets, and a good sup-
ply of food. After arriving at the
fort they met a few more families
who had been warned of danger, and
had left their homes on account of
threats that had been made by hos-
tile Indians. In about two weeks'
time the Humphreys family received
word from Anthony that they could
return home in safety, as there were
no more Indians.

blankets became careless
One, however, was to kill
Anthony, seeing that the
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The question may su-
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is very simple; the
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The tradition is that
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Tuxedo Developer
Tuxedo Poultry
Fattener
—and others

and Animal Refuge
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Norman R. Price

Winter Apples

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Fred Gehauf

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1st to November 10th.

LE:—Two good stock cows,
ears old; be fresh in spring.
a. Apply to R. W. Brock,
W. Va.

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between E. D. H. S. and
High School was a tie. The
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who had been warned of danger, and
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threats that had been made by hos-
tile Indians. In about two weeks'
time the Humphreys family received
word from Anthony that they could
return home in safety, as there were
no more Indians in that neighbor-
hood. This all happened soon after
the Revolutionary War had ended
and peace had been declared. It
was late in the fall.

"Early the next summer the hos-

when they did, they seized t
and fired at him as he cro
swam low and they all mis
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Indians found Anthony o
Mountain," the range lyin
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AN'S FRIEND

W. Humphreys
(ette Tribune)

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on the hunt for Anthony, and pursu-
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in a large mouthed cave, and kept
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with a double barrellled shot-gun,
which was given him by an English-
man he had befriended. His gun
and tomahawk were all the arms he
had at that time. Early the next
morning he made a dash for liberty,
and shot the sentry on watch and
fired at the others as he came out.
This so frightened them that they
did not pursue him at once. At this
point there are two mountains with
a large creek flowing between them,
which was subsequently called An-
thonys Creek. As he left the cave,
which was in one of the mountains
mentioned, he made a dash into the
water, which was very deep at that
point. His pursuers followed, fired a
shot or two, but missed him. He
stayed with his body under the water
until they quit shooting, and left his
gun in the middle of the creek. After
emerging from the water he fled up
the steep and rocky mountain, which
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As the stream today is not deep opposite the cave, it is proper to state that in the writer's boyhood the deep "hole" that now begins below the cave began far above it where the water of a large spring (which supplies the White Sulphur and furnishes what is known as "Alvon water") flows into the creek.

Cave W. Humphreys wrote in 1922 as follows:

"This letter will be made up mostly of my recollections concerning Anthony, 'the white man's friend.'"

1. "Anthony's Cave" became known by the name of

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The older people surprise that they able to find any me in historical works. never seen any pr him except in some by himself (the w in a college perio ern Collegian, I, 1869).

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One of the facts to be
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massacre and enabled them to con-
gregate and assemble their stock and
thus to escape a dreadful doom. The
descendants of those men
there owe their existence to the
friendly intervention of Anthony.

4. "His people ultimately found
out that it was through him that the
white people were warned, and plan-
ned to kill him. Anthony fled to the

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—Cincinnati

and with a rich soil. The soil is, densely are several caverns which is in the end of town as "Anthony's" or seven miles up the cave the creek re-aries at the same one called Meadow east, and one from North Fork.

of the facts to be in through descen-Humphreys, who 1741, in London- died July 22, Creek. He migra before the Revo-married Grazilla whom he became children of whom William, and the mentioned in this

son of Samuel Jane Wylie and ly. His second was born March Mary McQuain m eight sons and of whom excep- ly burned in her and reared large est was Caroline er 13, 1833, and muel Alexander, 36, and lived till he writer of this h member of the ptember 15, 1844, his grandfather,

tion of the above a that there was for the transmis-acts from Samuel migrant, to the family of Dr. An-ys and other de the latter is Rev

1. "Anthony's" cave known by that name by popular credit because he escaped death at the hands of his people through the use of that cave, the story about which I shall relate later in this letter.

2. "Anthony was last seen sitting on a log in a field on the northwest side of Jake Dysart (or Dysard) place, (in the angle between North Fork and the main creek below the confluence). He was recognized but did not visit any white family. He seemed to be absorbed in his own thoughts from visiting the changed scenes of his early life and adventures.

3 "On several occasions he warned the white people of impending massacre and enabled them to congregate and assemble their stock and thus to escape a massacre. The descendants of those then living there owe their existence to the friendly intervention of Anthony.

4. "His people ultimately found out that it was through him that the white people were warned, and planned to kill him. Anthony fled to the vicinity of his white friends. A bunch of savages followed him. They knew his haunts, went there and, to use a hunter's expression 'jumped him' somewhere about a mile from the Dysard home. They pursued him by his tracks practically a whole day from point to point in the general direction of 'the cave,' into which he entered. His pursuers arrived just before dark, ascertained that he was in there, built a fire and began a siege. He concealed from their sight was watching them. They laid aside their accoutrements, lit their pipes, wrapped themselves up in their blankets, became careless and dozed. One, however, was to keep watch. Anthony, seeing that they had been careless in throwing aside their guns,

Absolute knowledge I But my aunt's washerwoman, Heard a policeman on his Say to a laborer on the st That he had a letter jus Written in the finest Gr From a Chinese coolie in Who said the negroes in Of a colored man in a Who got it straight f clown, That a man in the K the news, From a gang of Sou Jews, About somebody in Ro Who heard a man w know, Of a swell society fer Whose-mother-in-law To prove that her se sister's place.

Has stated in a prin That she has a son about, Who knows when coming out."

—Cincinnati

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As this last statement is based solely on conjecture, the discrepancies are no greater than could be expected between accounts written by members of different families. Moreover, both accounts are necessarily based on Anthony's own statements which were very liable to become distorted. The tradition that Anthony shot the sentinel may be regarded as indubitably true.

The question may suggest itself why Anthony did not retire far into the cave instead of making a dash when day approached. The answer is very simple: the semi-circular

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The question may suggest itself why Anthony did not retire far into the cave instead of making a dash when day approached. The answer is very simple; the semi-circular mouth of the cave is large and the cavern contracts till it comes nearly to a point no great distance from the entrance. There is an opening at the point or apex, too small, at least in those days, for an average sized man to crawl through. In the day time the entire cave can be viewed from its mouth.

The tradition is that the hostile Indians found Anthony on "Middle Mountain," the range lying between the North Fork and the main creek above the confluence, and that, in his flight, he crossed over to Little

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Indians found Anthony on "Middle
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above the confluence, and that, in
his flight, he crossed over to Little
Creek and pursued a zig-zag course
between this stream and Anthony's
Creek, his object evidently being to
let the settlers see what was occurring.
He may even have planned the time
at which he was to enter the cavern,
and probably he did not know how
limited the space in it was, or he
may have counted on succour reach-

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One fact about Anthony perhaps ought to be omitted, but as it is never possible to know that a narrative of a historical fact is useless, it has been decided to record the fact mentioned.

Anthony was ordinarily sober, that is, he did not regularly drink; but it was his custom to come occasionally with a jug of whiskey to Samuel Humphreys' and have a spree until the whiskey was exhausted. Before becoming intoxicated he would give up all his arms and charge the people of the house on no account to let him have these arms again until after his spree; he became perfectly sober. When he reached a certain stage of intoxication he would fiercely demand the return of his arms, uttering terrible threats as to what he would do when he got them, unless they were returned at once; but when he became entirely sober and his arms were returned, he would thank the people for taking care of his arms and specially for refusing to yield to his drunken demand for their immediate return.

The older people often expressed surprise that they had never been able to find any mention of Anthony in historical works. The writer has never seen any printed mention of him except in some verses, composed by himself (the writer) and printed in a college periodical (The South

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Ability

Anthony was armed with a shot-gun, and he shot him by an English-friend. His gun was all the arms he had. Early the next day he came out. They told them that they were at once. At this time the mountains were between them, and he called Anthony. He left the cave, and the mountains were a dash into the very deep at that time. He followed, fired a shot, missed him. He was under the water, and left his arms in the creek. After that he fled up the mountain, which was a thick growth of trees. He was going quite fast on a sharp rock, and he found a cave. In the mean time he had been given, and he followed the cave. On their way he was. His foot was. After finding Samuel Humphreys, he remained there. He requested the cave, and they named it after him. Anthony made

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"WHO KNOWS WHEN NEW

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One question that continually is timed at anyone connected with the automobile industry has, at last drawn a fitting reply, according to Warner Sayers, sales manager of the

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**"WHO KNOWS WHEN NEW
FORD IS COMING OUT"**

Times

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Dickens Couldn't

See Into the Future

Dickens visited the United States in 1842. Of Pennsylvania he

"We have passed, both in England and elsewhere, a great number of new settlements and depopulated houses. Their utterly forlorn and miserable appearance baf-

STOP! LOOK

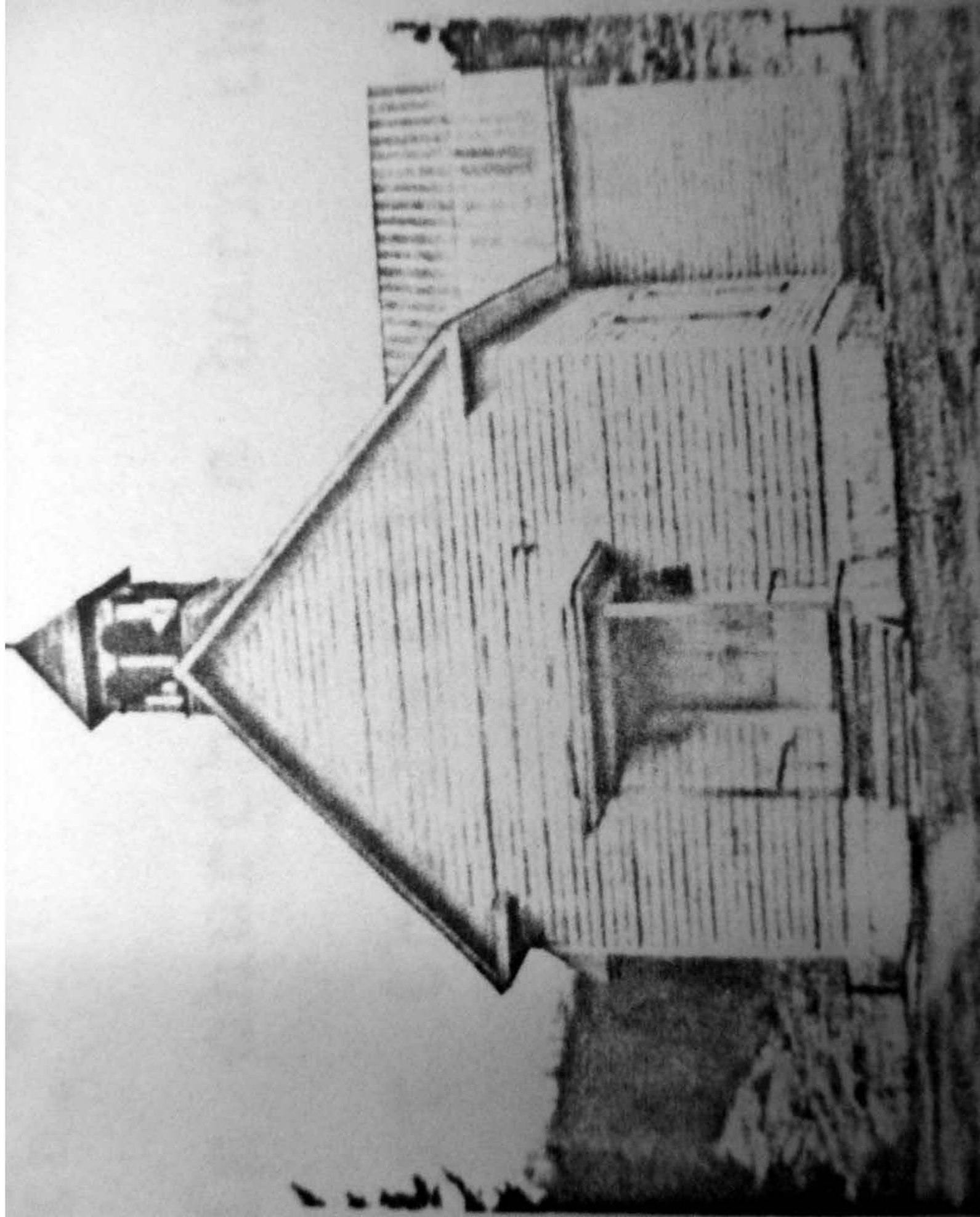
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West Virginia Writers' Project
RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT
Pocahontas County

Subject County History, Chapter 6 Date December 6, 1940
Research Worker Juanita S. Dilley Date Research Taken December 2, 1940
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Mrs. G. D. Kincaid
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burner
Church Records
History of Pocahontas-Price





Juanita S. Dilley
Clover Lick, W. Va.
Chapter 6-Religion

ARBOGAST MEMORIAL CHAPEL--BARTOW

M. E. Church, South

The first church services, so far as any one knows, were held in the school house. Arbogast Memorial chapel was built in the year of 1882 and dedicated in 1883. It was built near the site of an old cemetery on the lands of the pioneer Abram Burner, which later came into the possession of his son George W. Burner, thence to Charles Burner and Elizabeth Beard Burner, his wife who gave the deed for the church lot in 1883, to Peter D. Yeager, A. M. V. Arbogast, Josiah O. Beard and Lee Burner, trustees. "A certain lot of land in the neighborhood of Travelers Repose containing one half acre. For and in consideration of the love we bear for the cause of Christ and from an earnest desire to promote his heritage on earth."

Near this church is a barn that was used as a hospital for the wounded at the Battle of Bartow in 1861, and between the barn and the church is the resting place of many of the dead. The Union soldiers later removed the bodies of most of their dead, but many of the Confederates from the Southern states remained buried there. At one grave was a stone bearing the inscription "In this grave is the bodies of six unknown Confederate Soldiers." but when the state road was built, the men who gathered rocks for the road base removed many of the stones from the graves and used them in building the road. The people of the community were greatly shocked when they learned what had happened and they demanded that no more of them be removed. (It does seem a pity that in a

place where as many rocks are found as are in Pocahontas, that they would remove grave stones to build road)

There were no churches nearer Bartow than Top Allegheny, Arbovale or Greenbank, and all of these places were several miles away, so in 1882 the people decided to build a church. Lee Burner furnished the timber and he with the help of his neighbors the Arbogasts, Yeagers and Burners cut and skidded the logs to a saw mill in the neighborhood and had it sawed into lumber for the church. Charles Burner paid the saw bill, and contributed more money than any other one person. He also boarded the carpenter *a Mr.* Elliot who planed all of the lumber by hand. It took him almost a year.

For many years this church was open to all denominations, but of late years only the Methodists use it. It is now an appointment on the Arbovale circuit, but was formerly on the Durbin circuit.

Records show for 1940 a membership of 98, many of them young people who have been added to the class the past year. I was told by the former pastor Rev. Howard Wriston, that this was his best appointment. Other appointments on this circuit are Arbovale, Bethel on Back Mountain, Wanless, Boyer, New Hope, and Frost.

The present trustees are I. E. Methany, B. J. Snyder, Harper Beverage, Oscar Turner, and Howard Kreamer. The present stewards are Mrs. B. J. Snyder, Harper Beverage, Frank Gajnor, and Edith Burner.

This church was named Arbogast Memorial in memory of the Rev. Benjamin Arbogast. He went to school a session or two to Academy(at Hillsboro) and then went to Dickinson College in Penn., and was graduated among the best in his class. In the meantime he entered the ministry and became a pulpit orator and one of the most distinguished teachers of the high school under the auspices of the M. E. Church, South.

It seems that he never lived at Bartow, and that the church was named in honor of him more to satisfy a whim of one of the members. Many of the people of the community do not even know it is named Arbogast Memorial as they never call it anything but Bartow church.

came down on his neck and held him there helpless. He had to
summons a neighbor to assist him in getting out. He afterwards
said that was the last time he would ever lock a church on
any one. The disagreement had been over building the Whornwood
church. The southern members had wanted to build the church, but
the President of the Lumber company was an M. E. and insisted on
having it built by the M. E. branch.

